

The Columbus Commercial.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

WORK.

Read before the Peyton Literary Society, Industrial Institute and College, by Mrs. H. Burnley Powell.

The inimitable Charles Lamb calls work an invention of the old Teazer. Hence we may well imagine the indigestibility of that apple with which our first parents regaled themselves was partly due to the presence therein of some as yet unclassified germ plasma, which found lodgment in their internal economy, and grew and grew until it became a consuming fire—a flaming sword that drove them out of paradise "by their sweat and by their travail to conquer earth."

However comforting this thought may be to the many indolent among us, of whom I can say, with Saint Paul, "I am chief," we may well question if it indeed be true. Man's sovereignty over the brute creation is two-fold: He is made in the image of God, and into that form of clay which the first artist modeled was breathed the spirit of God himself, which alone forever elevates even the veriest savage above all other forms of savage life. Have we once thought to ask what is this God's spirit which animates us, perhaps all unconscious of its presence or its power? How other is it manifest to us than in his work?—work so infinite that in its beginning its progress, or its end, can human brain not even so faintly fathom it, not even afar off follow? This only can we catch, some measure of the holy spirit of that work done in goodness and mercy, in gladness and joy.

But since the world is not all light and love we may decide there is perhaps enough truth in that germ theory of mine to give two opposing kinds of work; for even so truly as it is God's work to bring order out of chaos, light from darkness, and people the universe with life, is it the devil's own work to destroy.

In this connection, and that you may not think my paper all a sermon, with creation for its text, I will give you part of a letter lately received from a little girl just five years old. She begins: "I would like to tell you a story of a bear. There was once a bear who had so many children he thought he could not speak; so he ate up first one little bear, and then another little bear, and another little bear, and another, and another, and another, until there was just one little bear left. Then he sat down and looked around and said, 'Where can all those little bears be? I reckon some other bear must have eaten them!'"

Were my niece a cynic of 50, instead of a child of five, and her little tale garnered from the observation and experiences of a lifetime, she could scarce have written more wisely. Let us briefly analyze her story of the bear, and judge if we may not deem it a fable worthy to be ranked, if not with Aesop's, then side by side with Stevenson's best.

"There was once a bear who had so many children he thought he could not speak." Mark well, these many children did not interfere with any of the honorable means of earning a livelihood open to bears; he might rob bees' nests and shake persimmon trees ad infinitum without a word other than half smothered grunts of approval from all those little bears. But this is a typical "end of the century bear." He has a mission; he feels called to speak, learnedly if he can; if lacking power to do that, then foolishly, but above all things to speak. He was a most emotional bear, filled with yearnings after the infinite, with longings to express the inexpressible, a culture-for-culture's-sake bear; indeed such a very gaseous bear that his whole system was permeated therewith, until even honey and persimmons had lost their desirableness and flavor.

Yet here were these many children clamoring for the flesh pots, caring nothing for his feast of wisdom and windy logic, deafening his ears with their cries. They have no soulfulness, no desire for the unattainable—unless it be persimmons or other food wherewith to fill their aching stomachs. He will away with them! Ah, then he works—the devil's own work of destruction. A grizzly feast is his.

Friends, are we not like this bear? Do not many of us unconsciously repeat his mistake of destroying all the natural growths of life—sacrificing everything to attain the wind-bag of success? The ideals, the attachments, even the dreams of youth, are worth cherishing. Do not forget that, like the bear, we too must sit down amid utter desolation and cry, "Where are my children?" For the bear, you will note, now that all is still around him—stilled to that awful silence the dead alone can know—has now no lofty flights of fancy, no wealth of words high soaring as the chaff, whose worth they rival, feels only loneliness and loss. For no one, not even this bear, is wholly bad, wholly and forever given over to self seeking.

The voice of conscience will sometime be heard even above the din of

our vain-glorious oratory. However fast we rush through life, more will sometime overtake us. Will it avail then to say in mock innocent naivete, another has stolen the opportunities of our youth? "Ah! Waste not your hour nor in the vain pursuit."

Of this or that endeavor and dispute, but work in God's spirit of love, in joy and gladness; for His first command is "Work."

What then can be more vital to any of us than to find, to know, to do, this work which God commands.

The spirit of a certain woman on first entering heaven said to the angels:

"I am too tired of earth to rest me in Paradise, Give me a spot to stand away and close my weary eyes."

I always think of this sad spirit of having been the mother of perhaps seven grown children—all girls—a musician one, a painter, a noted chemist, a mathematician even, but not one daughter among the seven. She had washed and swept and cooked and sewed and made beds for all of them through a long life of endless toil—materializing toil. Little time had she to think of her soul. However self-sacrificing the spirit in which she labored, could this have been God's ideal work for her?

The human brain is fed by internal carotids, so formed, so placed, they retain their pristine elasticity throughout life, and it is the one organ of our bodies which needs never weaken nor decay with age. But though the scholar through years of earnest, unremitting study might hold within his mental grasp the wisdom of all time, and ever; brain cell be scored and furrowed deep with a thousand wrinkles, and all the world stand agape at his learning; would this alone be God's work for him?

Our national commissioner of education writes: "A man can make a much better living out of truth, justice, energy, and perseverance than he can out of geometry, chemistry, and mental philosophy."

Prof. Petrie, the Egyptologist, at a recent meeting of the British Royal association for the advancement of science, ridiculed our blind worship of those "three Rs" we deem the basis of all culture. He said: "The exquisite art and noble architecture of Mycenae, the undying song of Homer, the extensive trade of the bronze age, all belonged to people who never read or wrote."

I would not for a moment have you believe that I regard even the tons of force many of you are expending in piano playing as unwisely exerted, nor yet would I eliminate from the grey matter of your brains one tiniest wrinkle of all the many your study brings about; but I would have you know and heed that science, art and culture are not everything.

Will you listen to these lines from Browning?

"Oh! we're sunk enough here, God knows! but not quite so sunk that momentary sure, though seldom, are denied us, when the spirit's true endowments stand out plainly from its false ones, and appear it if pursuing. Or the right way, or the wrong way, to its triumph or undoing. There are flashes struck from midnight, there are firebrands kindled, there are piled-up heroes perish, whereby swollen ambitions dwindle. While just this or that poor impulse, which for once had play unstilled, sums the sole work of a lifetime that away the rest have trifled."

The sympathy felt for your classmate's failure, the having said to your heart, "I would rather have missed that myself," is the "poor impulse which for once had play unstilled," and worth more to your soul than mastery of the binomial theorem. Far better a few zeros where love is than all mathematics and hatred therewith.

Life is all a lesson; some few pages we can in joy, many in deepest sorrow; but before our book of life is closed we must learn that integrity is more than Latin, that it is better to know justice and mercy than all the sciences, to know moderation than rhetoric, sympathy than mathematics.

What higher, nobler, more ideal work can be than the formation of character, that we may be known to the angels in heaven for our integrity, our moderation, our justice, our sympathy. I repeat, known to the angels of heaven.

"Give earth yourself, go up for gain above."

Shirt Waist Factory to be Established.

McComb City, Miss., April 28.—Sharp & Hackett, northern capitalists and immigration agents, who founded the colony of German fruit and vegetable growers near this place, have made contracts with a firm of Aurora manufacturers to establish a shirt waist factory, which is now being erected and will give employment to about 200 employees, and expects to be in operation in the next sixty days. They will also operate a steam laundry in connection with the shirt waist factory.

Sure death to bed bugs at Chapman's.

A STRONG LETTER

Expressing Appreciation of Kindness Shown a Brother Mason.

Marion, Ala., April 28, 1896.
Mr. Jas. M. Hutson,
Columbus, Miss.

DEAR SIR:—At a special communication of Temple Lodge No. 425, A. F. & A. M., held in their hall in Marion, Ala., on Wednesday, April 22, 1896, a committee was appointed to communicate with you for the purpose of expressing to you the sincere and most heartfelt thanks of Temple Lodge No. 425, for your great kindness to our deceased brother, Clarence Crenshaw, who departed this life in your city on Tuesday morning last, in the bright noontide of life, and in the beauty and strength of perfect manhood, that mysterious and invincible foe before whose power all that is mortal must succumb, met him on life's highway and in a strange land and among strangers his eyes were closed in dreamless slumber.

It was but a few days ago that he left us in perfect health and with firm and elastic step, and we little thought when we parted with him, that even then the shadows of the spirit land were falling around him, and that the pale seal of death would so soon be stamped upon his brow, or that before our eyes again on his ear would come the solemn words, "Dust thou art and unto dust must thou return."

With bowed heads and sad hearts we have borne him to the city of the dead, and amid the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of our order we have laid him down to his last long sleep. While the flowers that bloomed in beauty around his home and under the blue skies that gave him birth, and which loving hands have placed on his grave, are wafting their fragrance around us, we turn aside from other duties to extend to you the grateful and tearful thanks of our Lodge for your great kindness to our dear brother, who, far from those who loved him and among strangers, laid life's burden down, and whose spirit we hope has entered within the portals of the "House not made with hands eternal in the Heavens."

Very respectfully yours,
R. H. Evans, Ch'n Com.
F. J. LeVert,
Wm. T. Hendon,
G. D. Chapman.

Attest:
R. P. Teatman, Sec'y.
J. O. Bailey, W. M.

Communicated.

For the Commercial.

Through you I wish to ask the mayor and council of the city of Columbus to consider the best welfare of all the people of the city, as well as their wishes, as to their legislating upon Necessities or Luxuries for the city. I thought to propound this question, because, on yesterday, when I spoke with a group of fellow-citizens as to how clean the town was, after such a dash of rain, on all sides came reply: "O, the odors at night, all over town, are dreadful." Then reflection came as to Necessities to get rid of these odors and their cause. With the reflection came the question: Why don't the city put down sewers, and let the people have health? I had for reply: "Why, we are going to have 'Luxuries' in electric street lights, and we have no money to sewer."

Now, Mr. COMMERCIAL, I put myself to the trouble for the first time to enquire into the proposed electric street lighting, and I am informed it will likely cost about twelve hundred dollars a year more than the present gas lighting and light only about half the area of the city that gas now lights. Then I was told that the people clamor for electric lights. I tried to find the clamor, but could only find it in the board of council and not the people. The people say they prefer health and the enjoyments of health, and would put up with bad gas lights a while longer to have necessary health measures executed before luxurious lights are indulged in, if they can't have both.

Then came the following reflection, which, in behalf of the people, I ask the Board of mayor and council to ponder:

"Electricity and electric street

lighting are making wonderful developments every day, and is cheapening every time. These developments are put into practical use, so that, reasonably considered, you might safely expect that before five years elapse this city can be lighted with 30 arc lights at one-half the price now demanded for such lights. Why, then, can't we wait for the light luxury and have the health-giving, necessity of a clean city, unpoisoned by our own filth not disposed of or cared for in a sanitary manner. Won't it be unwisdom in the council to use twelve hundred dollars more of the people's money in the luxury of electric lights instead of applying the twelve hundred dollars every year to a SCIENTIFIC SANITARY disposal of our waste, and let the people have

HEALTH.

A Beautiful Dream.

The conference in the interest of international peace which was inaugurated at Washington last week has just adjourned. It was composed of thinkers and statesmen, of university professors and of philanthropists, all bent on the one object of devising means for the abolition of the wars which are so detrimental to the religious and moral welfare of the world, says the St. Louis Republic.

A body in which men like ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont, Carl Schurz, President Angle of Ann Arbor, President Eliot, General Howard and Charles Dudley Warner find a place, is one whose proceedings are well calculated to attract attention of thoughtful men. The conference in which they participated was equal in importance in every respect to that other meeting held in London five or six weeks ago which also had universal peace as its object.

Yet we cannot believe that either meeting will lead to immediate or practical results. Looking at human passions as they are, not as we would have them, one is forced to the conclusion that a belief in the arrival of the time predicted by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall," "when the war drums throb no longer, the battle flags are furled," is nothing more than a dream. It is a beautiful dream, it is true, but it is only a dream after all.

Nations and individuals are similar when their interests are at stake or when their supposed honor is involved. In other words, as Tolstoy puts it, patriotism is practically incompatible with peace.

Then how is the march of progress to be continued without war? Are the Matabeles, for instance, to be left in their native savagery, or is the British South Africa company, aided by British guns, dynamite and the other resources of civilization, to bring them out of their darkness?

The world desires peace, but it must recognize that any attempt to secure peace by compulsory arbitration is not now pregnant with success.

Never before ("hardly ever") in the history of Columbus have the people

So persistently and consistently demanded such Groceries as are

Nutritious, wholesome, and absolutely pure and first class.

Some people (and more's the pity),

Not being thoroughly posted, or not

Exactly up with the "tricks of trade,"

Very often get imposed upon.

Every person that buys from us is

Told if goods are not

Such as we represent them to

Hold them subject to our order, or

Just return them and get their money.

THE MAIN STREET GROCERS.



For the Ladies!

Come and See the GAS STOVE Operate!

The very thing for summer. NO SMOKE. NO DIRT. But clean, hot fires. Quick cookers. Saves time; saves labor, and very light expense. Gas cheap: \$1.25 per 1000. Stove cheap. The stove at work any time during the day at

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
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Living Prices. Prompt Delivery.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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Capital Stock, \$75,000.
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On Merchant's Block, Market St.,
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Buy and Sell All Kinds of Live Stock.

You will find it to your interest in either buying or selling. Give us a call. Respectfully,
SHERROD & BANKS.

For the general assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, to be held at Birmingham, Ala., May 20-29, the Mobile & Ohio railroad will sell tickets at ONE FARE for the round trip from all stations in Mississippi, on May 17, 18 and 19, tickets good for return passage until June 5.

DRESSED LUMBER
At the River-Side Mill.
Flooring,
Ceiling,
Weather Boarding.
C. W. MILLS,